To square for this: would it offend you then
That both should speede.
Chiron. Faith not me.
Demetrius. Nor me so I were one.
Aron. For shame be friends, and ioine for that you iar,
'Tis pollicie and stratageme must doo
That you affect, and so must you resolue,
That what you cannot as you would atchiue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of mee, *Lucrece* was not more chast
Than this *Lauinia*, *Bascianus* loue.
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords a solemne hunting is in hand,
There will the louelie Romane Ladies troope:
The forrest walks are wide and spatious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this daintie Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words,
This waie or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit
To villanie and vengeance consecrate,
VVill we acquaint withall what we intend,
And shee shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your selues,
But to your wishes hight aduaunce you both.
The Emperours Court is like the house of fame,
The Pallace full of tongues, of eies, and eares:
The woods are ruthles, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue boies, and take your turns,
There serue your lust shadowed from heauens eie,
And reuell in *Lauinias* treasurie.
Chiron. Thy counsell Lad smels of no cowardize.
Demetrius. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I finde the streame,

To coole this heate, a ch
Per Stigia, per manes Ve

Enter Titus Andro
making a noise w
Titus. The hunt is vp
The fields are fragrant, an
Vncouple here, and let vs
And wake the Emperou
And rowze the Prince, a
That all the Court may e
Sonnes let it be your cha
To attend the Emperour
I haue beene troubled in
But dawning day new co

Here a crie of Hounds,
enter Saturninus, Tamor
Demetrius, *and their At*

Titus. Many good mo
Madam to you as many, an
I promised your Grace a H
Saturnine. And you ha
Somewhat too earlie for n
Bascianus. *Lauinia*, hov
Laui. I say no: I haue be
Saturnine. Come on then,
And to our sport: Madam
Our Romane hunting.
Marcus. I haue Dogges
VVill rouze the prowdest
And clime the highest pro
Titus. And I haue horse